

*Kavigaru's*

*Yours*

*L  
a  
u  
n  
g  
u  
a*



*Songs of Love*



***Kavigaru's  
Yours Lovingly***

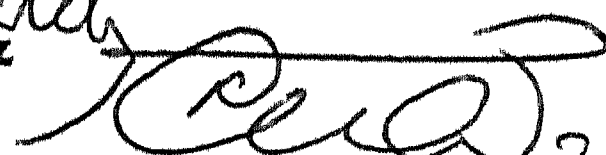
***Songs of Love***

To

163/ROP

Sri. J. Marikandeya Gariki  
Affectionately

by



30/22K2

***Sri Kavigaru***  
***(A. Gopala Kishan Rao)***

163/ROP

***Rendition of Telugu Lyrics  
of  
Sri Sharmaji***

# ***Yours Lovingly***

*(Songs of Love)*

*by*

**Kavigaru**

**April 2001**

**Price Rs. 50/-**

*Type Setting*

**ANURAGA GRAPHICS**

1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.

*Printed at*

**BALREDDY PRESS**

1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.

© : 7813343

**PUBLISHERS**

**KAVIGARI KALA PEETTAM**

Ammakrupa – Swarnalayam

97, Vasavi Colony 'A', Secunderabad - 15.

Ph 7747882

*Copies can be had from above or Hanamkonda Address*



*With high regards dedicated  
to  
My Friend, Philosopher and Guide  
Sri Devulapally Sudarshan  
My Maternal Uncle —  
English, Telugu, Hindi and Urdu Poet*

*— Kavigaru*

# *I Vouchsafe*

*These My Lyrics  
Are Free verses  
With no prosody  
But all rhapsody  
Rhythm and rhyme  
Are incidental chime  
Of joy ecstatic  
What ifnt poetic  
Have melody-lilt  
Enjoyable to the hilt !*

## CHARMING TRANSLATION

*I have gone thorough the collection of poems you have translated into English and I am thankful to you for giving me this opportunity.*

*It is often said that translation of literary works in general and poetry in particular will destroy the artistic and cultural values of the original. But you have proved that this is a popular misconception. For you have not only translated some of the original poems with a singular commitment but also also added extra charm to some other original poems. I congratulate you on this rare achievement.*

*I hope that you will continue this mission of yours because translation is the only effective means of transcultural expression and communication.*

*I wish you all success in your endeavours and pray to God that you should be blessed with health, longevity and prosperity.*

Date : 18-04-2001

Sd/-

(A. Subba Rao)

Professor, Chairman Board of Studies  
Dept. of English, Osmania Univeristy

## HONEST APPRECIATION

*I have only had a glimpse of his work accidentally when we chanced to meet. But I have profound appreciation for his work which seemed to be both like Shakesphere's work in places and like Rabindranath Tagore's in some other places.*

Date : January, 2001

**Dr. K. SUBRAMONIA IYER**

Prof. of Civil Engg. Calicut REC (Retd.)  
"Aum", 28/464, Mavoor Road,  
Chevayur P.O., Calicut,  
Kerala, 673017

## PLAIN TALK



Quite when A.P.S.E. Board is about to bid farewell on retirement after thirty six years of devout service, Mighty Mother on Mount Helicon took Gopala Kishan to her lap to add one more star to the Literary Galaxy.

Language is a developed form of communication of thoughts, ideas, hopes and aspirations of human beings, while literature is the refined, finished and polished form of language. Poetry though the earliest yet the most natural order of human expression, is the quintessence of literature.

Times immemorial many rare, gifted literati sang, said uttered and wrote rhythmic words and lines in pure prosody that became trend setters for posterity. These pioneer torchbearers laid paths of traditional poetic rule facilitating others to follow that uniform way with a convenient scope of remembrance also to the reader.

Later a few others thoroughly well-versed in traditional ways sought to breakaway from the oft-beaten traditional track to create new trends. Even those were gifted talents who proved their worth by succeeding in their attempts at finding new horizons in penning lyrics. Yet others who are impatient to learn, understand and follow the traditional rules, the metric variations, their stresses and strains, the most melodious beats of metrical foot, the reverberating rhythmic resonance and the superb excellency of established traditions chose to give up traditional rules making frenzy statements like; "I hate all sorts of artificial bindings for poetry.

Neither all strict traditional followers always give very good poetry nor all that comes from persons unacquainted with rules of prosody can be brushed aside as trash. Most learned versifiers



may give only perfect verse devoid of poetry; and not all traditionally learned may not produce good verse yet give the best of poetry. Which of these categories Gopala Kishan belongs to — I leave it to the literary Elite, Experts and Critics to judge, since I am not a critic myself but am an ordinary reader, who can just share the feelings of the writer, can weep with the weeping eyes and laugh to heart's content when the writer pours forth his heart and soul into his writing.

The anthology "Yours Lovingly" is a translation of original Telugu lyrics of Sri Sharmajee who glorified Love and the Beloved in a most distinct fashion which is one of its kinds in the recent times.

Original, Creative writing is much easier than translation. Translation of poetry especially from one language into another is a much more difficult job, more so when it happens to be in the realm of amour and spiritual spheres. In this case it is not only the language that the translator has to take care, but it requires almost a total transmigration of heart and soul alongwith appropriate diction.

Gopala Kishan as I know him since his early childhood is neither a literary adept nor has he ever been initiated to romanticism or spiritualism, yet his masterly rendering of Sharmajee's "Nannu Neekichesanu" (I have given myself unto you) – a nondualist Love offering (Advaita Atmarpanam – Total Self-surrender at the altar of Love) has been wonderfully translated at the same time maintaining close adherence to the original in letter and spirit, has simply left me spell bound ! When and how he acquired this high literary excellence is a thing that astounds Me !

In all humility he though tells me that it is a proud inheritance from me. His field of work although these thirty six years has been far away from literature or fine arts. Some people inculcate

the habit of nourishing extra-professional activities at the cost of their avocational adherence. But during all his service as Electrical Engineer I have never known him neglecting his duty once.

He is today as much devoted to literary pursuit as he was to his duty as a public servant.

This translation is comparable to Sri Amarendra's English version of Dr. C. Narayana Reddy's Gnan Peeth Award winning "Vishwambhara" in Telugu, which is one of the most excellent translations in recent years. The only difference between the two translators is their avocations in life ! Amarendra had a literary career althrough whereas Gopala Kishan led an Engineer's life till last year. One can find the excellence of translation from the following :-

In the very first line :

Just before  
The dawn at last  
Your lipping  
My eyelids revealed  
That – that  
Experience is too old  
And yet  
Another Sweet one  
Is about to  
Conjure that one !

In the second one :-

My eyes are  
Heavy always  
In your absence  
With tears springing  
In your presence  
With Love abounding

In the third Poem "Eternal Bliss" the summing up lines are simply superb :-

Oh ! the moment of  
Ecstatic confluence  
With both our  
Hearts frozen immense  
What if we die hence  
Having had eternal bliss !

Should I cite all the like touchy expressions I fear My "Plain Talk" may grow more voluminous than the anthology itself. Quoting the finesse of the last lines of the couplet i.e., selfishly asking the beloved for a cyclonic embrace and at the same time commanding the cyclone not to touch anything else by the simple use of the word "Alone" shows his humanitarian attitude lest the cyclone should devastate the surroundings. In fact all the ultimate couplets are climaxes leading to apt and resounding captions.

Sans its smell sandalwood  
No one cares being not good  
Let me not evaporate in air  
Let me no more cry in despair  
Do come as a deep cyclone  
Depart Love – Embracing Me alone !

I am reminded of Guru Dev Tagore's words "Don't insult your friend by pouring praises from your own pocket", which force me to stop this "Plain Talk" here.

**– Devulapally Sudarshan**

Dt. : 24-4-2001

"Vishwamatha Sadan"

2-9-498, Srinagar Colony,

RTC Depo–Waddepalli Road,

Hanamkond - Warangal Dist. (A.P.)



Aum Sairam

## *Love is Life*

I am one of the rare who believe "To Love is divine and to be loved is blessing".

Coordinating and correlating life and living to 'Love' have penned the Telugu lyrics serially for over an year in Mayuri Telugu Weekly as though LOVE has grown as my mania.

Adding lustre and fragrance to the Telugu Lyrics and rendering them more luscious Sri Auknoor Gopala Kishan Rao (Kavigaru) has translated them all –Wonderfully. Hats-off to his erudition.

Telugus who have written prose/poetry in English and succeeded can hardly be counted. Sri Gudipati Venkata Chalam is one of those rare eminants who was a revolutionary writer in Telugu while his many thoughtful writings in English also move the readers.

For example :—

"You are My all World and I must strive  
To know my shames and praises from your tongue  
None else to me, nor I to none alive  
You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
That all the World besides me thinks are dead"

("Premalekhalu")

Quite similar feelings exist in the words of Sri Gopala Kishan Rao. My thoughts and words found a glorifying equal in his masterly translation. I must admit that in his style all my thoughts have soared unfettered heights and stand penned anew with celestial bliss.

To quote some :-

Our association is  
Not an expected one  
Hence the bond is  
Now inseparable one"

(from "Shall Wait till Last")

I died the day we first ever met  
Am born again in your love I bet  
My tender mind is very crazy  
In your amour mad and frenzy".

(from "Blessing in Love")

"Life is to live and suffer  
Do as you like  
You alone can venture  
I am "Yours Lovingly" for ever" !

(from "Yours Lovingly")

"Love fully blind-folded my eyes  
The blame and the sin all yours  
Still I bow and Love only you  
Yes but why so mad I love you"

(from "Springtime Delight")

Sri Gopala Kishan Rao carved each lyric as a poetic wonder. A Good-Samaritan, great humanist and humourist Sri. Gopala Krishan Rao's large heartedness knows no bounds and is unforgettable. He vibes to the trifling human misery which reflects in his writings. It is needless to say this will endear all readers.

My attempt to glorify Love's Divinity and Omnipotence is uniquely reiterated doubly emphasizing in the translation.

I wish his poetic journey in all languages the needy momentum to lead him to all success and glory resulting in bringing-forth many more anthologies like this.

Expressing my profound gratitude to him for his passionate and delightful translation of my lyrics. I remain.

Dt: 12-4-2001  
3-12-80, Ganesh Nagar  
Ramanthapur, Hyderabad - 13.  
Ph : 7039645

Aum Sairam  
**Sharmajee**

# HELLO ! PLEASE HEAR ME

*For the last thirty six years I have been an Electrical Engineer professionally and had least necessity to look for Johnsonian English.*

*It is hardly over a year now, that my entry into the realm of poetry (I better call it free-verse) on 20th February 1995 by translating a very fine Telugu Ghazal “Mouna Ranam” of Doyen of Telugu Literature Acharya C. Nārāyana Reddy into English as “Silent Strife” and Urdu as “Jugn-e-Quamoshi” gave me the needy fillip in going ahead with rendering some of his masterpieces and that of others too. He is thus my Ekalavya Guru to whom I owe lot of obeisances for his affectionate encouragement to continue to write in English. Couple of other well-wishers also wanted me to pursue writing in English. It is this encouragement that pushed me forward, with neither mastery nor command over English, to venture to take up further translations from and to English, Telugu and Urdu mutually. I have also penned around three hundred of my own writings in Telugu over a year altogether averaging one a day.*

*It will be in the fitness of things if I here mention a couple of incidents genetic and prophetic also for my emergence as a writer. I come from a family of three maternal uncles who are expert poets in Telugu, English, Hindi and Urdu languages. I have, of course, started very late, though, in 1995, their influence must have been hidden in me all these years. One of these maternal uncles (Sri Devulapally Venkateswara Rao – Pen name “Devera” who has died premature in his thirties) used to call me “Kavigaru” (Poet) as early as late 1940’s itself. Strangely enough his prophecy has come true after about half-*

*a-century and therefore I have very rightly adopted my pen name as Kavigaru". My youngest maternal uncle Sri Devulapally Sudershan, who is my friend, philosopher and guide throughout has very kindly penned foreward to this anthology as "Plain Talk" but in all superb verve.*

*My eldest maternal uncle Sri Devulapally Ramanuja Rao who died couple of years back is regarded as a pioneer crusader in upholding the dignity of Telugu Language and its development. He was also a pioneer in the development of Libraries in Andhra Pradesh.*

*Around the same time in 1995 when I penned my first writing I happened to see an amorous lyric by Sri Sharmajee in Mayuri Telugu Weekly with ample amour and literary values which touched my heart so much that I immediately translated into English and Urdu and continued with another sixty of them appeared around an year serially. Only thirty of them find their way in this anthology and the rest in the volume two.*

*Sri Sharmajee was very much appreciative of my translations and gave me an opportunity to pen a note in English. In his Telugu anthology published captioned "A Gesture Well Deserved". He has readily permitted me to publish this anthology. I profusely thank him and also feel that I have done good justice to the original.*

*I remain wishing the readers a very pleasant experience and also requesting to send me their valuable suggestions and views so that I can improve my avocation.*

**KAVIGARU**

**(A. Gopala Kisban Rao)**





I am not though any poet  
Am a poetry loving artist  
Who can well visualise  
Thoughts and pictureise  
Love is beyond definition  
Is to all of us known  
Kavigaru in "Yours Lovingly"  
Defined Love so perfectly  
Says my illustrations  
Are fragrance to flowers.

KARUNAKAR  
Artist

1/6/55







# **AN EXPERIENCE STOLEN**

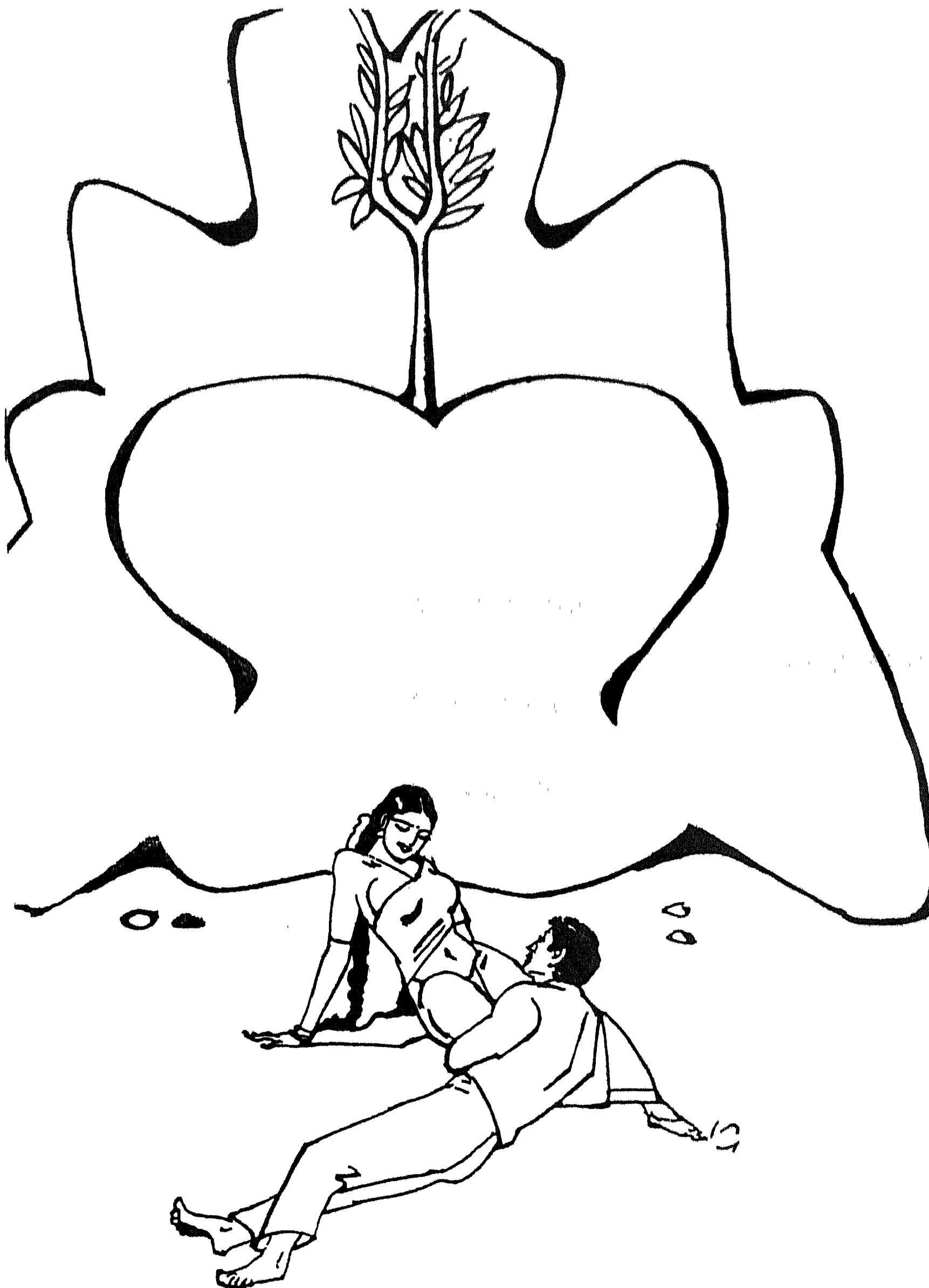
Out of My  
Treasure of memories  
Someone  
Stole an experience  
Night long was I  
Frantically  
Searching for it  
Just before  
The dawn atlast  
Your pretty lipping of  
My eyelids revealed  
That—that  
Experience is too old  
And yet  
Another sweet one  
Is about to  
Conjure that one !



# **ABOUNDING LOVE**

My mind is in  
Eternal distress  
In your absence  
In pangs of separation,  
In your presence  
In piles of adoration.

My eyes are  
Heavy always  
In your absence  
With tears springing -  
In your presence  
With love abounding !



# ETERNAL BLISS

Is there hope in pain  
Or pain in hope  
In thine affection ?  
Am experiencing both  
Encircling my eyes  
In their turns  
Pining for you  
Next moment on parting  
Waking up in awe and  
Searching for you  
Next moment on sleeping  
What is this ?  
Profuse love and  
Eternal affection  
Stealing from the  
pages of your looks  
Getting on as  
Myself in the crowds  
Echoing often is  
The song of Love  
You tuned in  
My nerves, my Love  
Matching eye to eye  
in the vastness of sky  
Lipping flowery aromatic lips  
Knowing not time freezing tips  
Oh ! the moment of ecstatic confluence  
With both the hearts frozen immense  
what if we die hence  
Having had eternal bliss !



# **CYCLONIC EMBRACE**

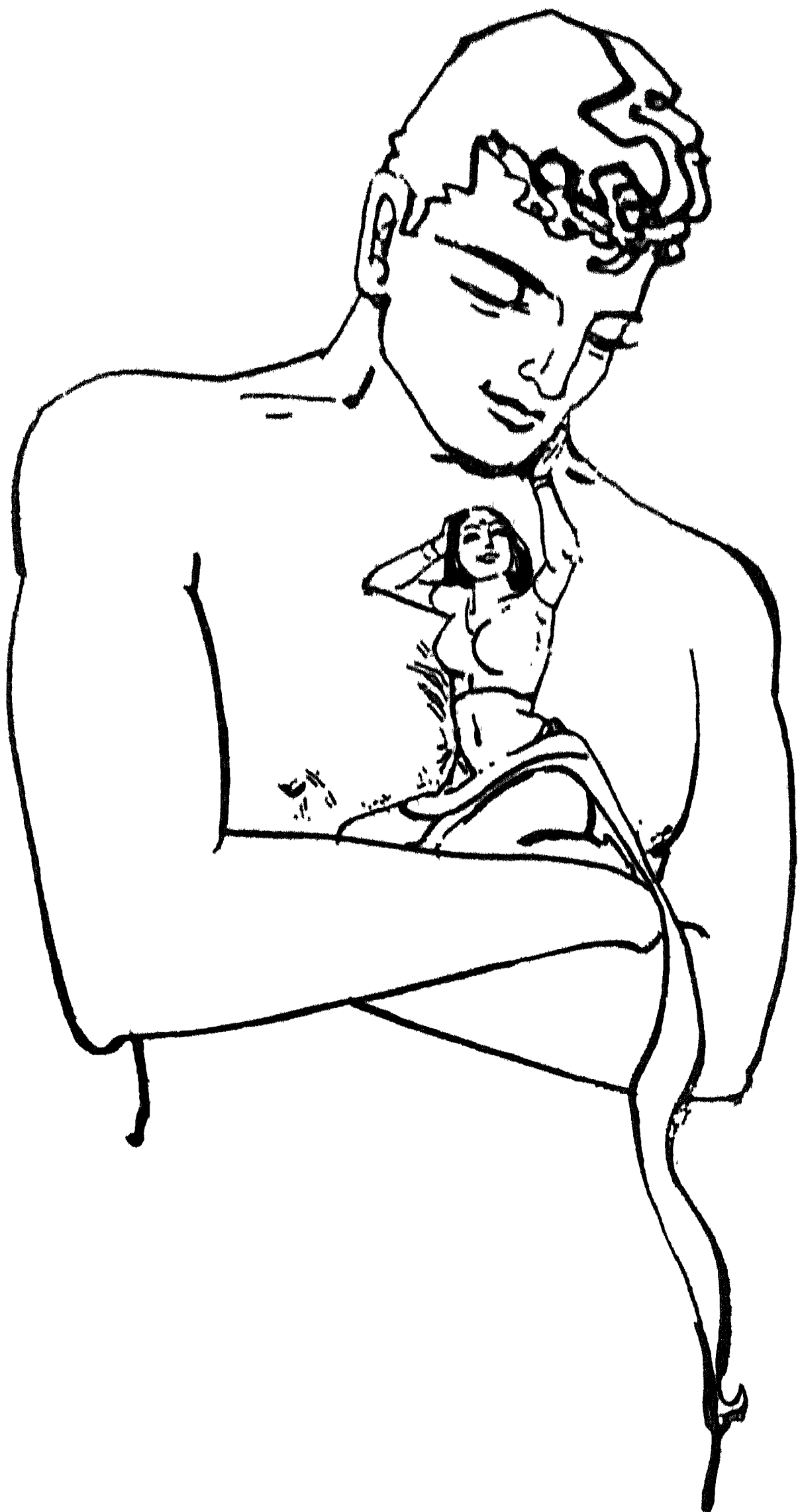
You as my  
Heart beat  
In grief and  
In delight  
Clasping your  
Arms in mine  
You became  
Part of mine  
You prop  
My worries and  
My search  
Till loves end -  
All the above  
Keep me alive  
Giving lease of life  
fresh enough sure  
Transforming  
Life as love adoring  
And Combining  
Wonder and luck  
Desire or Possession  
Whatever it be  
Breaking all  
Principles that be  
Erasing all  
Boundaries in Love  
Wish to embrace  
Cyclonically oh ! my Love !





# CARESS GENTLY

In my attempt to  
Transform you unto me  
Many a word is failing  
To face you in shame  
And evaporating  
Within me my dame  
Love leads to weep  
And then delight  
Darts the heart and  
Doubles stress alright  
None can be cruel  
Than love – say lovers  
It is equally true too  
In our own experience  
Love doles tenderness  
And in it doles passion  
Passion then doles  
Simplicity and so on  
Metamorphosise into  
Facades ever so many  
Still you are my target  
Of Love oh ! my honey  
Embrace me ever  
So pitchy as darkness  
And gently like  
The moonlight Me caress !



# **SHALL WAIT TILL LAST**

Our association is  
Not an expected one  
Still the bond is  
An inseparable one  
Affection springing joy  
Separation sounding grief  
How difficult it is to chain  
The soul for relief  
Unfortunate it is  
Missing the mate desired  
Mischance it is  
Inept owning of the beloved  
Great grief is missing  
You and your confluence  
My growing desire  
Perplexity and distress  
All have only  
One answer – your smiles  
I shall till last breath  
Be waiting  
Your brave divine arrival  
Thy name everchanting  
My lyrics all  
As carpet spreading !



## **ROSY SWEET LIPS**

Our affection a knot of parallel lines  
I hate the thought of separating ourselves  
Villain the Life conspiring with the world  
Is trying its best some how to sword  
Us who so wholeheartedly Love each other  
How the hell it imagines us to surrender  
Shall conquer life and continue affection  
By bowing separation aiming hope as weapon  
Crushing with dreams and winning life  
Let's carry on with love althrough life  
For you and your so sweet affection  
Burying all my dreams number unknown  
Burning all my painful worries into ashes  
Turning all my smiles into deep cries  
Affection sparkling in thy looks fully  
All my longing for you heaping hilly  
Shall suck the lifelong sweetness  
Brimming your beautiful rosy lips !



# NOVEL AND WONDER

A stare at the silence  
In you looks  
An ear at your  
Scintillating laughs  
Seem not experiences  
That are any fresh  
Appear very familiar  
Buds all afresh  
That blossomed into  
Hues kaleidoscopic  
Pleasant to the eyes  
Beautiful and scenic  
We are like sacrificing  
Soldiers in country's love  
And souls dead  
For the same goal Love  
Beloveds in full desire  
Bemoaning parting  
Believing life a full satire  
What is all this ?  
Is it for me to pray  
With palmsful my  
Hopes all in array  
As to me heartfully  
Your affection render  
You are nothing but  
Novel and wonder !





# **REASSURE ME ONCE**

**Perturbance**

**Satisfaction deluding**

**Thoughts all**

**Sound sleep disturbing**

**Your stretched hand**

**Stressing impunity**

**Your love and laugh**

**My bliss guarantying**

**My mind strengthening**

**My thoughts respecting**

**Your musical eyes**

**Your poetic fingers**

**Your sweet lips**

**Your comforting looks**

**"All are mine"**

**Feeling of mine**

**Reassure but once !**



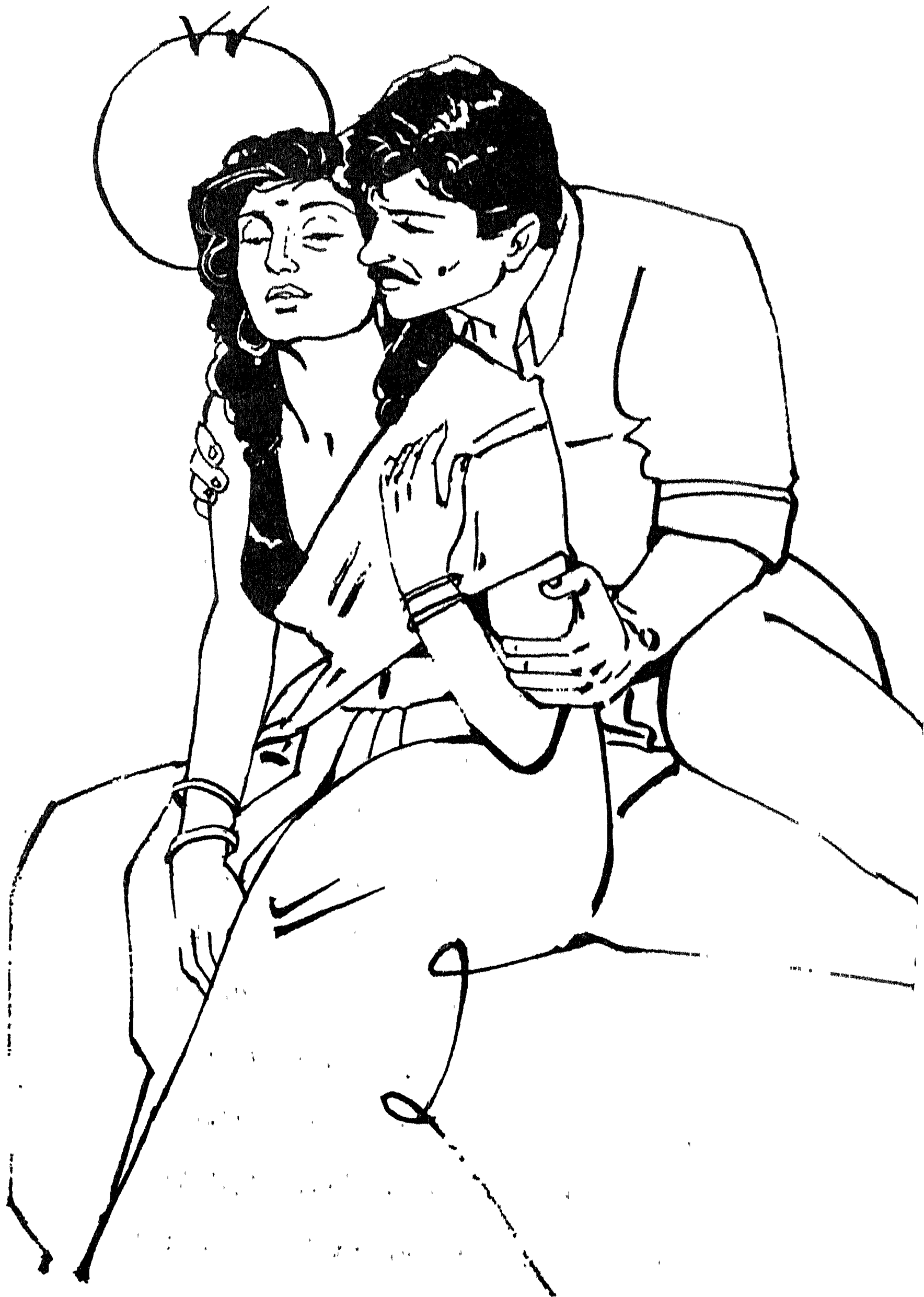
# **LOVE NEVER FAILS ME**

Every time we meet am madly happy  
And when we part am equally unhappy  
May be that is only the plight of souls  
Lingering between pairs and despairs  
Glancing my morns in thy eyes  
Hiding you Heart in my lyrics  
Like things thrive on brandnames  
Am your lover in love's flames  
That without your audio and video  
All my existence is like a dark studio  
Your grief being mine – Great God  
Aiming my weakness at me is sad  
I have but two aims in my life  
In your love alone brightening my life  
Or end abruptly making it brief  
Burning into ashes in ghastly grief  
Let me see what is in store for me  
Am hopeful that Love never fails me !



## **BLESSING IN LOVE**

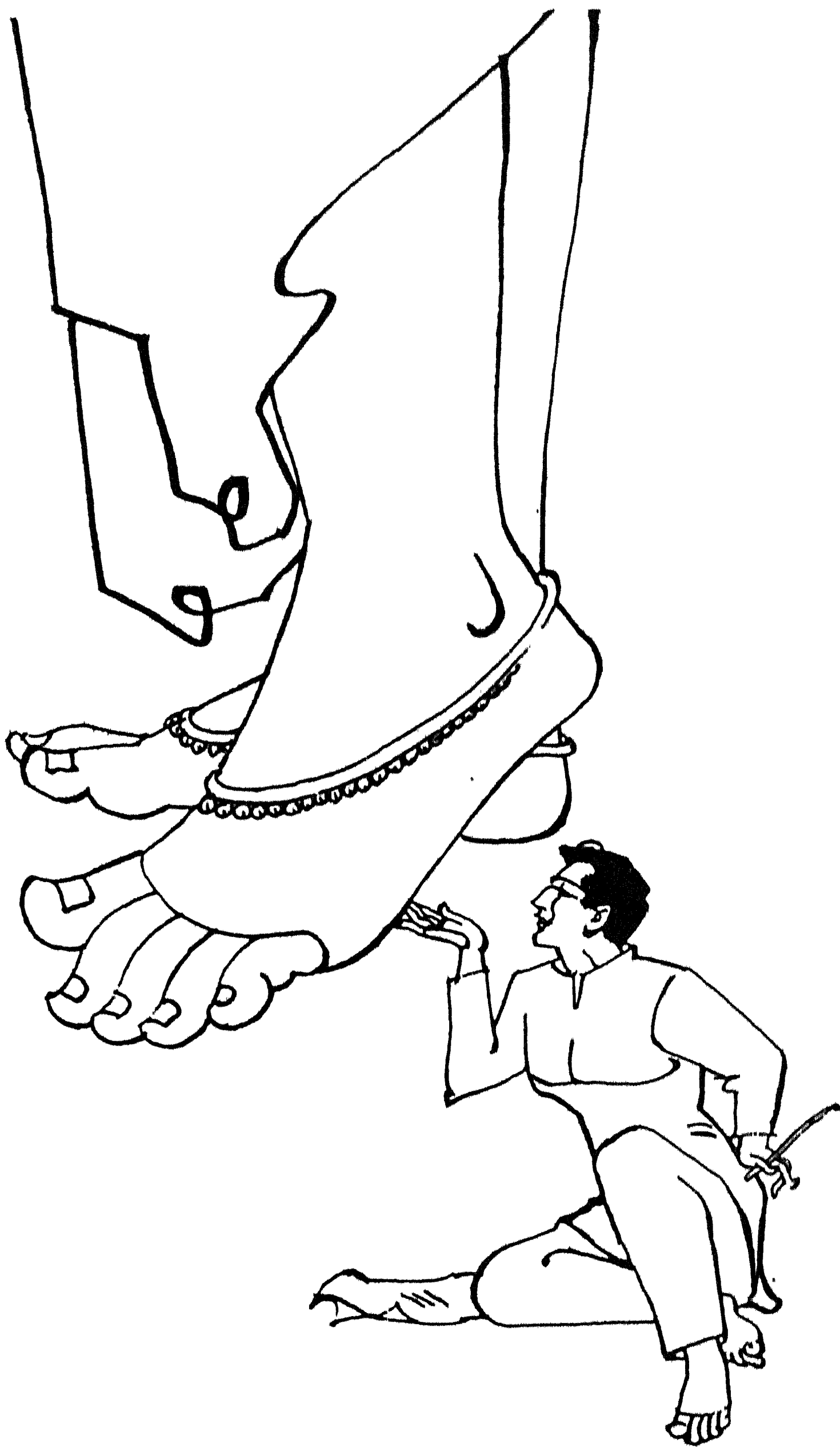
I died the day we first ever met  
Am born again in your love I bet  
My tender mind is so very crazy  
In your amour mad and frenzy  
You be fully mine forever in love  
Wheedle Defeat Step-along my love  
Raising jasmine curtains between us  
Erasing limits of formalities before us  
So as to dwell in cosy corporeal clasps  
Your wish to keep me always joyous  
How to repay it at all do not know  
My mind always would wish to know  
By what action of mine do you love  
Me forever and become mine oh! Love  
Art lover otherwise am webbed in amour  
Desires all lustfully engulfing me forever  
Soaring in your world so imaginary  
Singing duets as on celluloid customary  
Souls and bodies drawing closer together  
Whatelse it is but blessing in Love oh! Dear !



# **YOURS LOVINGLY**

Love means  
All grief is true  
The pangs of  
Separation that accrue  
Are many a  
Time sadder compared  
With the  
Enjoyment we have had  
Your glance each  
As at first sight  
Your grace too  
Same as on first date  
Your word each  
Lightening as at first love  
Life is to live  
Love and suffer  
Do as you like  
You alone can venture  
I am forever  
"Yours Lovingly"  
Do not spell  
Otherwise whatever  
For my fistful heart  
Is not at all bold  
And may even arrest  
Should you spell loud !





# **SHALL EVAPORATE IN ADORATION**

Regard at first  
For you turned to liking  
Liking to Love  
Well beyond quantifying  
So much so  
To the extent  
I can't live now without you  
Me here  
Love in between  
And you there  
Like our Hopes Adoration  
Conquering time  
Our minds entwining  
Desires swelling in rhyme  
If it be for  
Uniting corporally alone  
Need'nt undergo  
This separation and pain  
This search  
This trituration all in vain  
Feel oh! Dear  
Each other's longing vein  
I shall stay forever  
As lilting lyric on your lip  
Or evaporate in your  
Adoration and wave all gossip !



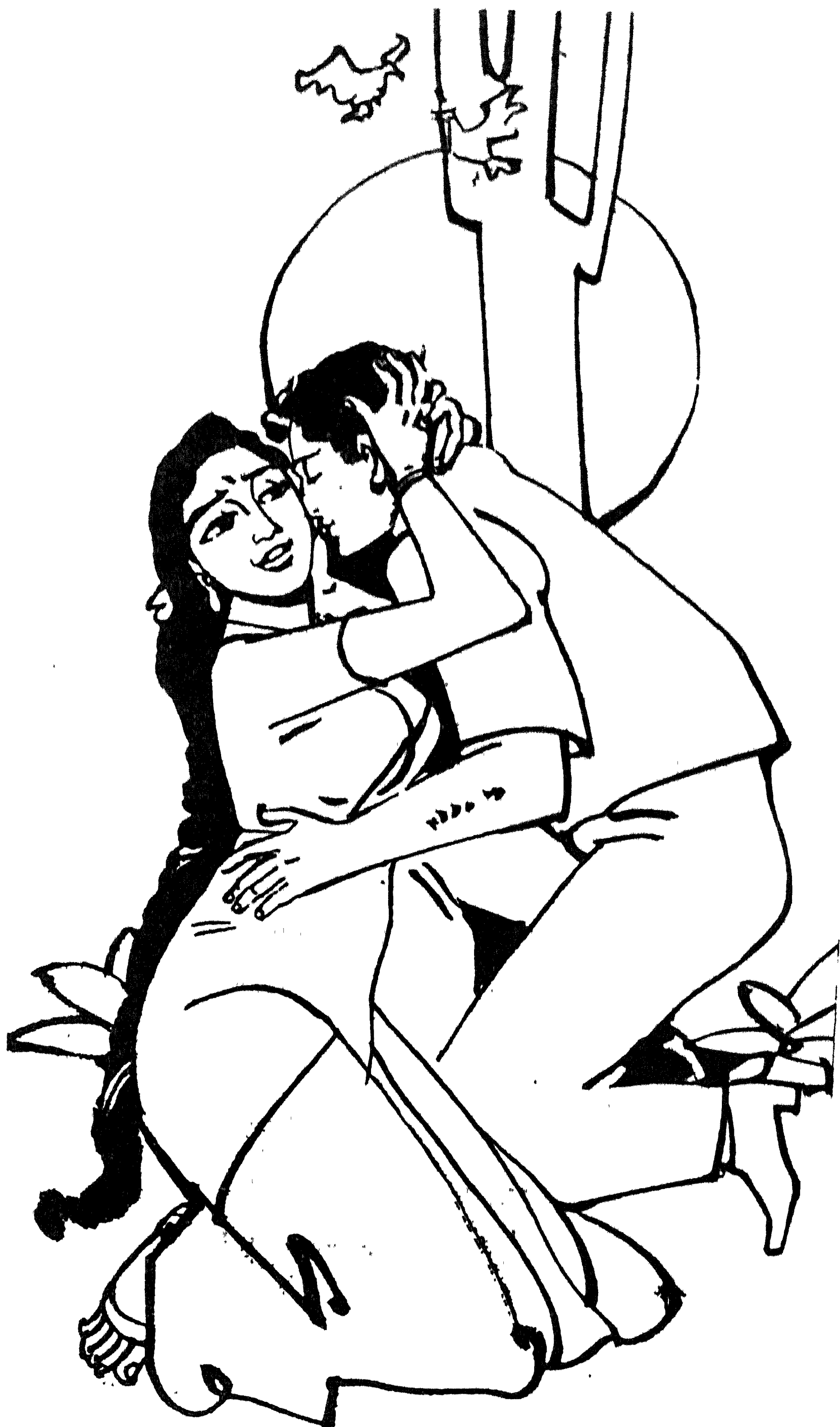
# **WISH I SING MY LOVE TO THE WORLD**

Like a lightning streak  
Hitting resting clouds  
You struck all my  
Colourful scintillating dreams  
Purity Chastity Affection  
You personify and  
Encircle Love yourself  
So very supreme  
A dense desire raging  
Into sorrow within me  
A deep distress peeping  
Passionately out of me  
A sweet agony  
Helplessly worrying for thee  
All unbearably  
Roll warm pearly tears  
Your supremacy  
In revealing the joys of  
Embraces in love's climax  
I wish to sing my love  
To the envying whole world  
And proclaim my luck  
From the roof top dam-bold !



# **LEAVE YOU NEVER**

Love affection attachment whatever be  
We should come together one - to - be  
You beyond comprehension of others all  
The Love you make with tremendous toll  
An iota of which to me as life valuable  
Believe me or not I treat you believable  
Loving is no sin at all my Dear  
Should it seem so – It is sin very pure  
Like the needle piercing through flowers  
Makes a garland for God's prayers  
Love stakes hopes as well thoughts  
To brighten the hearts and lives  
You do dwell in my ideals Thoughts  
Desires and Feelings so much always  
That's why I love you more than others  
Though away bodily always it appears  
You are close to my heart my love  
Never Can I leave you oh! my Love !



## **WARM EMBRACES**

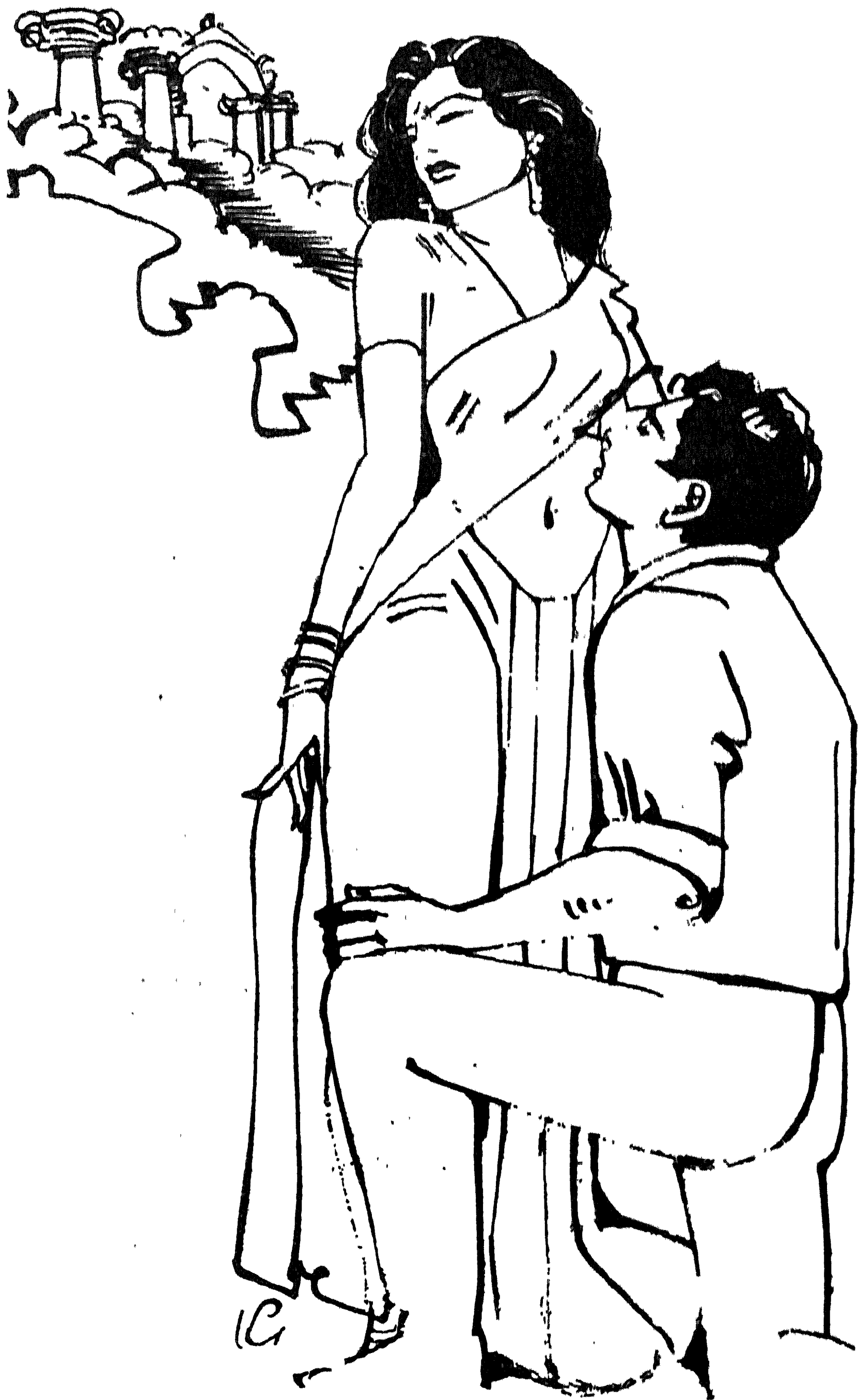
You may accept  
My mad love but  
It may be anyhow not  
bearable to you as yet  
Am I over expressive  
In my love's claim  
And in distress deep  
Do you I exclaim  
I swear on moonlight  
Oh! my lovely Moon  
Satisfier of my heart's  
Appetite oh! my Boon  
I can't at all live  
Sans you in any case  
And forget you  
Is for me not that ease  
Still becoming  
Inevitable now and then  
Creator Almighty  
I prefer to pray then  
To leave you alone  
For me is enough  
Your presence in my lap  
sustains my life  
I shall then  
Spend time in your smiles  
And melt in  
Your affectionate embraces.





## **PLEASANT WHEEDLING**

Everything appearing fine till yesterday  
Seems pathetically all pitiable today  
The wind alas seems sorrow spreading  
The rose appears parting news proclaiming  
The clouds look all pale and trite  
The sky very much sad and silent  
The world around mocking my loneliness  
How to comfort myself Love with all this  
Great grief without you heaving sigh  
Ecstatic love Imagining you in mind's eye  
My eyelids for the touch of your lips  
The eyeballs for your soothing looks  
How much are they afflicted you know  
Loving love became my vice somehow  
Who else can wheedle me right now  
Except you - so pleasingly my love !



# COLOURFUL JOY

Warm clasps  
Warmer your affection  
They be mine  
Severing all connection  
With the rest of  
The world matters not  
Crying very deep  
Enjoying the whole lot  
Both are fortunes  
For tension relief  
Hope begets belief  
Love so out of belief  
Love begets wonders  
And is still begetting  
My wonders you propping  
Being a wonder yourself  
Being one always remnant  
Am searching you  
In the horizon's crescent  
A tear from my eye  
Tangented by your  
Pretty love's ray  
Creating a rainbow  
The colourful joy of it  
Makes me unto you bow !



# **AM PROUD OF YOU**

It's my foolishness  
As well meanness  
To think to contain  
Your liberty is even insane  
Beyond self and power  
Love exhibits loftiness  
There is no room in love  
For any sort of haughtiness  
As if begging untimely  
Craving love when busy  
Am I disgustingly  
Irritating you my rosy  
Why and for what  
Your affection in full  
I get not and am  
Dissatisfied and dull  
However much profound  
You love me  
There is still likely  
Some evading me  
Your looks tune my heart  
Regulate the beat  
Sing songs of my desires  
Quench the raging flames  
Am proud of you  
As you excuse me fully  
I revere your affliction  
Take torment happily  
And shall go on  
Loving you eternally my Love !



# WHAT AM I TO YOU

Can't bring me  
Out of your clasps  
Nor let you  
Out from my arms  
Blaming time in  
Utter helpless squabbles  
Dreaming and in it  
Shedding tears uncontrollable  
Leading miserable  
Life in your absence  
Convincing nerves  
Craving your  
Continuous presence  
Oh ! Source of my peace  
Happiness and comfort  
"What am I to you  
Reveal at least in private !





# **YOU ALONE NEEDED**

Sharing smiles  
In happiness  
Tears in grief  
Is Love !  
The union  
Direct or indirect  
The invisible melody of  
Each whisper of yours  
To me seems  
As if it provides  
Care Proximity Pleasure  
Affection Equanimity Tender  
And that is why oh ! Dear  
My mind always you doth desire  
To brighten the alphabet  
To enthuse the poet innate  
To provide curtain of Love  
Behind mind's window  
Move my heart to sing  
And dance in full swing  
Materialise fully  
Desires all silly  
Provide such rhyme  
To conquer the time  
You and you alone are  
Very much needed Dear !



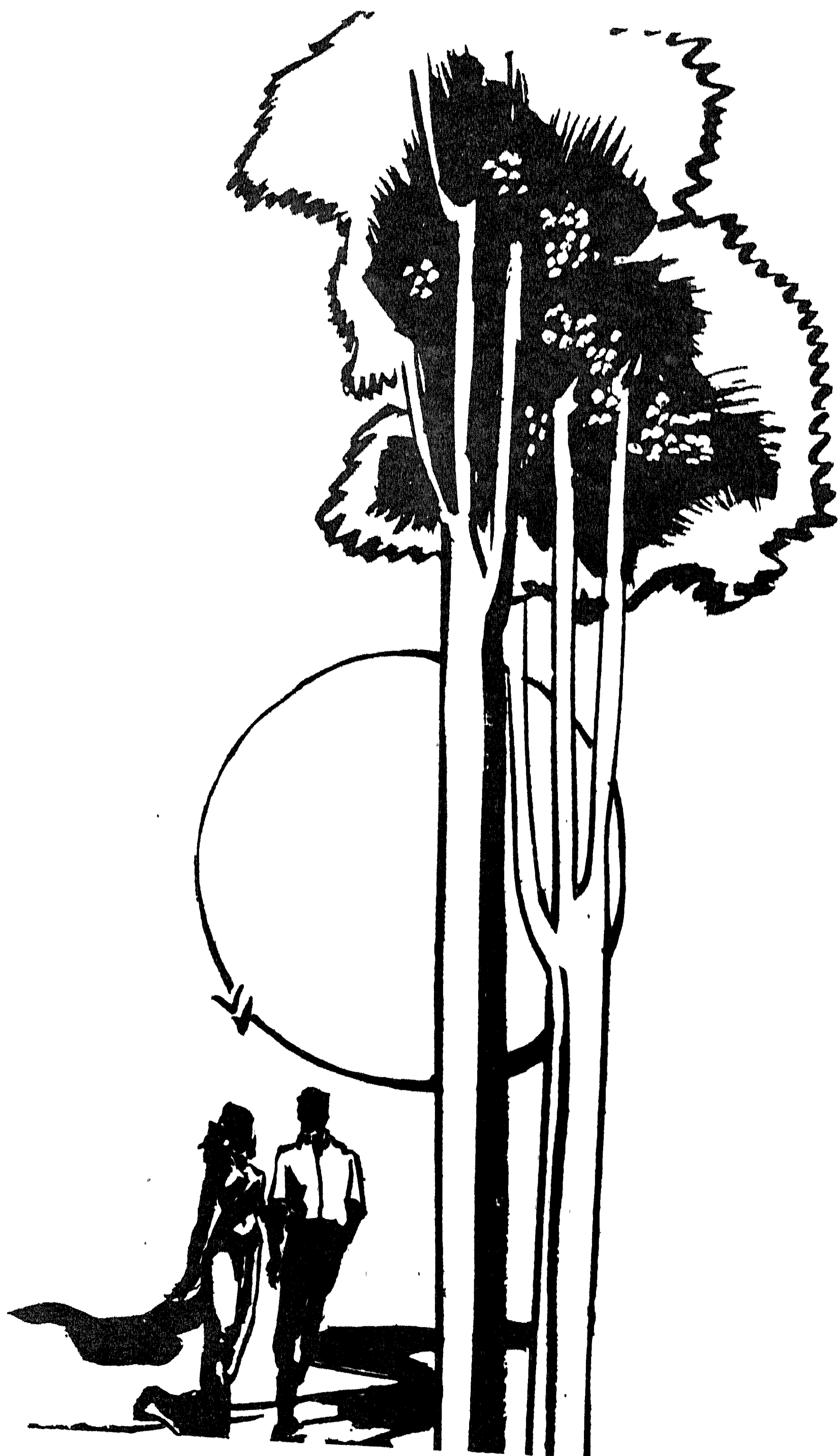
# **CRAVING CONFLUENCE**

**I am distinctly different  
In your gracious presence  
Your association rapt  
Me in ecstatic essence  
I am mute in  
Your conspicuous absence  
When together with you  
I suffer silence  
Am proud others stating  
You as solely mine  
And am so excited hearing  
Me exclusively thine  
The shadow of separation  
Behind that pride swinging  
The trace of freedom  
Out of excitement springing  
Together forcing me  
Yield and yield unto you  
Urging me for our  
Confluence oh ! my Love !**



## **SPRINGTIME DELIGHT**

Love fully blindfolded my eyes  
The blame and the sin all yours  
Still bow and Love only you  
Yes but why so mad I Love You  
Why in turn this darting sorrow  
Sharply piercing my bone-marrow  
Is it why you brought in your eyes  
The colourful beauty of all seasons  
Or that your rosy lips had filled  
Into my lips all the sweetness in the world  
And did hug passionately unto hearts  
As though they are no more different parts  
Me wandering goalless in frenzy illusions  
With broken heart so very directionless  
Way back time stole all my tears  
Leaving dry apathy down the cheeks  
Your entry into my hapless life as lute  
Whose lilt excels springtime drizzle delight !



# **LOITER IN LOVE**

Dissatisfaction  
Begetting imaginations  
Imaginations in turn  
Evoking hopes  
Hopes giving rise  
To all sorts of thoughts  
Which when personified  
'You' it results  
That's the reason  
I always love you  
Left you love with me and  
Stole my sleep oh ! you  
My eyes refuse  
To close and my mind  
Your affection  
To me it does remind  
Your laughs  
Your pretty small gifts  
Your looks  
Your amorous rosy lips  
Your smart silence  
Your sweet desires  
Imagining all  
To be Mine and Me yours  
For a while  
Atleast to loiter in Love  
With you is  
My mad desire my Love !





# **LOVE IS SUBLIME**

Some streak beyond  
Your physique and beauty  
My heart is  
Gallop ing behind my Sweet y  
Everybody talks so much  
About Pure Love but  
When they really are  
Confronted with Love  
They call it all trash  
And away from scene  
Run as if  
It is something  
just only to shun  
Because love is not  
The same as lust  
See lusty lovers how pitiable  
Make Pure Love as Poor Love  
"How can they then  
Succeed so soon"  
They express doubt  
On seeing us as know not  
The vast difference  
Between love and lust  
And that we are  
Everburning our bodies  
To brighten the darkness  
Around and within our minds !



# **IMMENSE BEAUTY**

The world is beautiful  
Because of you  
May be in my thoughtful  
Tribute of love for you  
Death doth threaten  
Sometime untimely though  
Your sparkling lips  
Your maternal concern  
Your corporeal clasps  
Your sheeny skin  
And gracious glances  
How to part with  
This beauty immense  
into my obscure  
Heart without essence  
You breathed life  
With all your smiles  
My inhalations yours  
So are my exhalations !



# SECRETS OF CREATION

The moment  
My life was perched  
On your lips and  
Love in eyes stored  
Do you remember  
Our desires turning sweat  
Dampened our  
Bodies making us wet  
Your exhalations  
Skating very warmly  
My body  
We felt joy ecstatically  
Enjoying the  
Secrets of Creation fully  
How can we forget  
Those amorous acts silly  
Unto your bosom  
Pressing my face  
Affirming impunity  
With ever togetherness  
Deep as desire  
Your embrace that tight  
Compounded me  
Melting into you all night !



# **BONDS OF LOVE**

Not able to live  
Without you my love  
My helplessness is growing  
Me very frail It's making  
Like the blue oceanic waves  
Soaring are my affection ones  
My heart is aching  
I am perhaps dying  
No love – Sans you  
No laughter – Sans you  
No peace – Sans you  
No myself – Sans you  
When together loving  
When away cursing  
What is this ?  
The fact remains  
Bonded are our lives !





# WHAT DO THEY KNOW

To live soulfully  
Be ascetic or Godly  
Lingering half way  
Like this anyway  
So far as we do crave  
Adoration Sensuality Love  
Life may be a cry  
Pathetic and very dry  
Addicting to your memories  
Adoring all your beauties  
In utter darkness  
With stretched hands  
Longing to reach you  
And tightly clasp you  
Hope's illusion shattering  
Unto darkness staring  
Tears of consolation rolling  
Remnant dried by morning  
Under eyelids as streak  
My agony they do speak  
In my search and waiting  
For you – My thoughts penning  
They christen it as madness  
In their pure ignorance  
Victory of winning your heart  
Pangs of separation's defeat  
Blessed as am I  
The fulfillment I enjoy  
In bearing both above  
What do all of them know !



# **SANDALWOOD SANS SMELL**

Is this an everlasting pain  
A tale yet to sweetness gain  
That which can't be reached  
Has all the beauties dreamed  
Is all the wavering thought  
In love so we are taught  
For that pain in me to subside  
For the tale to reach celluloid  
You alone can help intime  
To provide my life its rhyme  
Looking stouter outwardly  
Evaporating within virtually  
Sans its smell sandalwood  
No one cares being no good  
Let me not evaporate in air  
Let me no more cry in despair  
Do come as a deep cyclone  
Depart Love – Bathing me alone !

# **LITERARY ROMANCE OF KAVIGARU**

*Having started his scribbling arangetram (beginning) in February 1995 Kavigaru as on today created 75 volumes of Telugu, English, Urdu and Hindi Poetry and is galloping to cross his hundredth anthology in a couple of years.*

*He has already released eight books within just five years and each one is a novel anthology.*

*Bhagavadgita (Telugu, English & Hindi versions), 12 Upanishads also in three versions completed and the translation of four Vedas selectively as one each volume are under Scribbling and the translation of eighteen Puranas into Telugu & English being under proposal makes him a writer of more than hundred anthologies in about eight years only. Only Almighty should help him in publishing his balance 92 and above books in his life time by some miracle.*

**- KAVIGARU**

**Amma Krupa - Swanalayam**

**97, Vasavi Colony 'A'**

**Secunderabad - 500 015**

**India. Ph : 7747882**



*Kavigaru's*



*Yours*

*L  
a  
u  
n  
g  
u  
a  
g  
e*

*Songs of Love*